CERTAINE EPIGRAMS OVT OF THE FIRST FOVRE BOOKES OF THE EXcellent Epigrammatiſt, Maſter IOHN OVVEN:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AT HARBOR-GRACE IN Briſtols-Hope in Britaniola, anciently called *New-found-land*: By *R. H.*

AT LONDON
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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

TO THE FAR ADMIRED, ADMIRABLLY FAIRE, vertuous, and witty Beauties of ENGLAND.

IT was, faire, vertuous, wittie, for your ſake,
That I this harder taske did vndertake.
I grieu'd, ſuch wit was out of your cõmand,
Lock'd in a tongue you did not vnderſtand.
To doe you ſeruice, not my ſelfe to pleaſe,
Did I at firſt aduenture vpon theſe.

I thought to haue proceeded in this method, but the ragged, baſhfull ſlut my *Muſe* (hauing not ſeene your like before) is amazed, and ſtrucken dumbe at the ſight of your excellencies; I muſt therefore take vp the ſpeech for her, and as *She* hath heretofore twatled much for me, I muſt therefore entreat you in *Her* behalfe. Indeed I told *Her*, *She* ſhould finde you very louing and kinde, and ſhould be admitted to kiſſe your whiteſt hands. *She* is a ſtranger, I humbly therefore pray you, to take her into your protection, kindly take her into your hands, and entertaine her courteouſly; none can doe it better then your ſelues; whilſt you looke kindly vpon her, let her with admiration, and contentment gaze on your beauties: you may looke vpon her boldly with vnuailed countenances, you ſhall finde her euery where modeſt, either ſhe hath vailde, or quite omitted what *She* feares might offend your chaſt

eares, *She* hath taken paines to let you know what enuious mẽ haue too long kept from your knowledge. If *She* ſpeake any thing againſt your ſexe, it is but what malicious men ſometimes mutter in an vnknowne language againſt your inferior frailties, and hath anſwered ſomewhat in your behalfe: you ſhall finde *Her* no importunate Companion, for you may begin with her when you pleaſe, and leaue her when you liſt: euery ſmall parcell is an entire treatiſe, and depends vpon it ſelfe; they may ſerue you for paſtime, if you pleaſe, for vſe, for embelliſhing in your diſcourſe, as ſpangles in your attire: The tranſlations were the better, if they are not made worſe in the change. For our owne, they are the beſt we can at this time. The grace and loue I receiued ſometime from one of your ſexe, makes me confident of your gracious goodneſſe: but my *Muſe* hath a little recouered her ſpirits, and requeſts me *She* may ſpeake a little vnto you.

Your beauties, wonder and amazement bred
In me, that ſtill I am aſtoniſhed:
Yet this requeſt I pray doe not deny,
Giue me good words, for you haue more then I.
In recompence one day Ile ſing a ſong
Of your rich worth with my laſte buskins on.

The admirer of your excellencies,
the ſhort-breath'd Muſe of
Robert Hayman.

A PRÆMONITION TO ALL KINDE OF READERS of theſe Tranſlations of *Iohn Owens* EPIGRAMS.

AS one into a ſpacious Garden led,
Which is with rare, faire flowers well garni-(ſhed,
Where Argus *may all his eyes ſatisfie;*
Centimanus *all his hands occupy,*
He will chuſe ſome fine flowers of the beſt,
To make himſelfe a Poeſie at the leaſt:
Or he will, if ſuch fauour may be found,
Intreate ſome Slips, to ſet in his owne ground:
So fares it with me, when in Owens *booke,*
At leaſure times, with willing eyes I looke:
I cannot chuſe, but chooſe ſome of his flowers,
And to tranſlate them at my leiſure howres.
But as 'tis not for this admitted Man,
Manners at once to gather euery one,
But mildly to cull a few at a time,
I pray thee doe ſo too, kinde Reader mine:
For as a Man may ſurfet on ſweet meates:
So thou maiſt ouer-read theſe quaint conceits.
Some at one time, ſome at another chuſe;
As Maidens doe their kiſſing Confects vſe.
Reade therefore theſe, His; by tranſlation, Mine:
As ſome eate Cheeſe, a penny-waight at a time.

AN ENCOMIASTICK DISTICK ON MY RIGHT WORTHY AVTHOR, IOHN OWEN.

THe best conceits Owens *conceits haue found,*
Short, sharp, sweet, witty, vnforc'd, neate, profound.

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

Epig. 2. *To the Reader.*

THou that read'ſt theſe, if thou commend them all,
Thou'lt too much milk; if none, thou'ſt too much gall.

3 *To Maſter* Iohn Hoskins, *of his Booke.*

My Booke the World is, Verſes are the Men,
You'll finde as few good here, as amongſt them.

8 *Know thy ſelfe.*

Nothing worth knowledge is in thee, I trow,
Seeke ſome-where elſe, ſome worthier thing to know.

14 Gilberts *Opinion, that the Earth goes round, and that the Heauens ſtand ſtill.*

Thou ſai'ſt, the Earth doth moue: that's a ſtrange tale,
When thou didſt write this, thou wert vnder ſayle.

15 *Phyſicions, and Lawyers.*

Our ſickneſſes breeds our Phyſicions health,
Our folly makes wiſe Lawyers with our wealth.

16 *O Times, O Manners!*

Scaliger did Times computation mend:
Who, to correct ill manners doth intend?
Or thou to Scaliger.
Thou mended haſt the bad ſcore of old yeares:
Who dares take old bad manners by the eares?

21 *To a poore, bare, beggerly, fie on ſuch a Phyſician.*

Thou wert a poore, bare, fye on ſuch a one,
But now thou art growne a Phyſicion:
Thou giueſt vs phyſicke, we with gold thee pleaſe:
Thou cur'ſt not ours; but we cure thy diſeaſe.

26 *Cold fire.*

If that Loue be a fire (as it is ſaid)
How cold is thy Loues fire, my pretty Maide?

27 *An impious Atheiſts paſtime.*

I ioy in preſent things, and preſent time:
A time will come that will be none of mine:
Grammarians talke of times paſt and hereafter:
I ſpend time preſent in paſtime and laughter.

28 *An Atheiſt's Epitaph.*

He liu'd, as if he ſhould not feele Deaths paine,
And died, as if he would not liue againe.

30 *Married* Alanaes *complaint.*

All day *Alana* rayleth at Wedlocke,
And ſays, 'tis an vntolerable yoake:
At night being pleaſd, ſhee altereth her rage,
And ſayes that marriage is the merrieſt age.

31 *A Prophet and Poet.*

Of things to come theſe make true predication,
Theſe of things preſent make a falſe relation.

35 *Free-will.*

Free-will for which Chriſts Church is ſo diuided,
Though men it loſe, Wiues will not be deny'd it.

39 *New Rhetoricke.*

Good arguments without Coyne will not ſtick
To pay, and not ſay is beſt Rhetorick.

52 *To an Atheiſt.*

Each houſe, thou ſeeſt here, ſome one doth poſſeſſe,
Yet thou doſt thinke the great houſe maſterleſſe.

53 *A trade betwixt Phyſicions and Patients.*

Phyſicions receiue gold, but giue none backe,
Phyſicke they 'll giue, but none of it they 'll take:

Their

Their hands write our health bills, ours greaze their fiſt:
Thus one mans hand, another doth aſſiſt.

54 *Iuriſ-prudentes, Wiſe men of Law.*

Lawyers are rightly cald wiſe men of Law,
Since to themſelues, they wiſely wealth doe draw.

To the ſame purpoſe more largely thus.

Wiſe men of Law, the Latines Lawyers ſtile,
And ſo they are, fooles Clyents are the while:
Lawyers are wiſe, we ſee, by their affaires,
Leauing ſo much land to their happy heires.

55 *To Courtiers.*

If good thou be at Court, thou may'ſt grow better,
But I doe feare thou hardly wilt grow greater:
If great thou be, greater thou may'ſt be made:
But to grow better is no Courtiers trade.

57 *A Mortall Conceit.*

To eternize thy fame, thou buildſt a Tombe,
As if death could not eat vp ſuch a Roome.

58 *A Comfort for Baldnes.*

So young and bald, take comfort then in this,
Thy head will ne'r bee whiter then it is.

61 *On old Alan.*

Old *Alan* ioynes his couch to his wiues bed,
And thinkes himſelfe thereby moſt ſweetly laid.

62 *New-yeeres-gifts.*

Some mens pride, ſome mens baſeneſſe.

Olus giues not to rich, to receiue more;
To poore he cannot giue, 'cauſe he is poore:
Quintus for gaine giues gift with long low legs,
And what he would haue giuen, by giuing begs.

63 *A Caueat for Cuckolds.*

When *Pontius* wiſh'd all Cuckolds in the Sea,
His wife replide: Firſt learne to ſwimme, I pray.

71 *Phyſicions and Lawyers.*

Phyſicions, Lawyers, by one meanes doe thriue,
For others harmes doe both of them relieue:

By ſickneſſe one, the other by contention;
Both promiſe helpe, both thriue by this pretention.

73 *The Bald-pate.*

Trees haue new leaues, in fields there growes new graine,
But thy ſhed haires will neuer grow againe.

76 *Gyants and Dwarfes.*

Gyants and Dwarfes are men of differing grouth,
Dwarfes are ſhrunke men: Gyants are men ſtretcht forth.

80 *A Sergeants caſe.*

To Lawyers.

If a man with a wench ſhould make a match,
And in ſtead of her ſhould his owne wife catch:
Tell me if a childe borne by this deceit,
Be a baſe baſtard, or Legitimate?

84 *A begging Poet.*

I heare, thou in thy verſes prayſeſt me:
It is becauſe in mine I ſhould praiſe thee.

89 *An old Churle.*

What-euer of this friend I begge or borrow,
He puts me off, and ſayes, You ſhall to morrow:
For this thy promiſe ſhall I fit thankes fit?
To morrow then, thee will I thanke for it.

93 *Double dealing.*

Wherefore loues *Venus*, *Mars*, vnlawfully?
Vulcan is lame in lawfull venery.

94 *Much haire, little Wit.*

Thy beard growes faire and large; thy head grow's thinne;
Thou haſt a light head, and a heauy chinne.

Addition.

Hence 'tis thoſe light conceites thy head doth breed,
From thy dull heauy mouth ſo ſlow proceed.

101 *A dead Reckoning.*

What death is, thou doſt often aske of me:
Come to me when I am dead, I'll tell it thee.

103 *To ſelfe applying, and fault-finding* Zoilus.

When I finde fault at faults, thou carp'ſt at me:
It may be, therein thou think'ſt I meane thee:

Why

Why ſhould'ſt thou thinke I reproue thee alone?
Finding fault with faults, I doe fault mine owne.

105 *To Bald-pate.*

Surely thy brow had ſome dimention,
Before thy haires were with a hoare-froſt gone:
Thy haires are all like leaues fallen from a tree,
That thy whole head a fore-head now may be:
None know the length, bredth, depth of thy brow now,
Therefore there is no truſt now to thy brow.

106 *Plaine downe-right bald-pate.*

I cannot count my haires, they are ſo thicke growne,
Nor canſt thou number thine, for thou haſt none.

107 *Fortunes Apologie.*

To all, iuſt Fortune deales an equall Share,
To poore men ſhe giues hope, to rich men Feare.

113 *The Chyrurgion.*

Whether for warre or peace ſhould I deſire?
I gaine by *Mars* his ſword, and *Venus* fire.

115 *Complainers and Flatterers.*

Old *Anaxagoras* ſaid, Snow was black:
Our Age ſuch kinde of people doth not lack:
The Foxe ſaid, that the Rooke was white as Snow:
Many ſuch flattering Foxes I doe know.

119 *A reaſonable Requeſt.*

Sweet, let thy ſoule be ſmooth as is thy skin:
As thou art faire without, be ſo within.

120 *Not ſeene, No ſinne.*

Thou think'ſt all ſure, when none doe ſee thine ill,
Though with a witneſſe, thou goeſt to it ſtill.

127 *To a ſcalded Leacher.*

Though thou haſt ſcap'd commuting, and the ſheet,
Thy head-leſſe thing hath had correction meete.

130 *To a minſing Madam.*

Thou art diſpleaſd, and angerly doſt looke,
'Cauſe a mans thing thou find'ſt nam'd in my booke:

For writing it, why doſt thou chafe at me?
A man without it would more anger thee.

131 Saturnes *three ſonnes.*

Doubtfull Diuines, Lawyers that wrangle moſt,
Naſty Phyſicions, theſe three rule the roſt.

132 *To his married friend.*
Single and married liues.

Woe to th'alone, ſaith married *Salomon:*
Yet *Paul* ſayes, There's no life like ſuch a one:
The married cry, Woe vs: Single, Woo mee.
Woo mee, I'll take: Take thou, Woe vs, to thee.
Addition out of his owne Welſh
Annotation.
And ſingle woes better then double be.

139 *Wine and Women.*

Since Venery is vendible as Wine,
Why hath not *Venus* an inticing ſigne?
Addition.
They need no ſigne to hang ouer the doore,
Whil'ſt in it ſtands the foule bawd or fine whoore.

143 *Rare* Sarah.

A Wife to yeeld her bed-right to her maid,
Of none but *Sarah* could it e're be ſaid.

144 *To* D. T.

Thy Maſters maſter, Pupils ſlaue the while,
I doe both enuy, and lament thy Stile.

147 *A Waggs Bolt.*

Happy is he (good Sir) that hath a care
Of others harmes, and hornes for to beware:
A ſonne ſo whiſper'd in his fathers eare.

149 *An vxorious Aſſe.*

Quintus obſerues his wiues words, nods, and hands,
Her words are lawes, and her requeſts commands:
She drawes, ſhe driues, ſhe ſwayes her husband ſo,
You cannot tell where ſhe haue one or no:
Againſt all Grammar rules, they lead their life,
That you may ſay, his husband, and her wife.

151 *A wary wench that stood vpon her tearmes.*

Vnfaithfull to her first mate, and her last,
In the vacation shee liued wondrous chast.
Shame, and not sinne, made her forbeare the deed,
She knew she had good ground, had shee good seed:
Though shee were hard beset both first and last,
Still out of Terme her Checker-doore was fast.

Addition.

Yet still when she of her Terme-time was sure,
Some dayes before, She op'd her Checker-doore.

161 *A Doctor in promising, but a Dunce in performing.*

Much thou dost promise, nothing thou dost lend,
Like Doctors that write, take, and nothing send.

162 *A pretty wench scuruily Cunny-catcht.*

Would the old Spartan Law were vp againe,
That naked maides should marry naked men:
I thought to haue cockt away my maiden-head,
In naked truth, I did a Capon wed.

163 *A forked Probleme.*

Since She defiled hath the marriage bed,
Why must he weare the hornes? He is the head.

164 *Verses giuen for a New-yeeres-gift, vnrewarded.*

Giue some-what, or my verses backe to me:
On that condition, I doe giue them thee.

165 *Christs Church Colledge in Oxford.*

Though men looke sad at thy vnfinishing,
Which makes thee looke like to a ruin'd thing,
Thy Quadrangle shewes what thou should'st haue binne.

166 Phillis *Loue.*

Phillis sayes that shee's rauisht with my verses:
Verses she loues well: better she loues Tar——

167 *Pastime.*

I spend my time in vaine and idle toyes,
So fearing to lose time, my time I lose.

168 *Short and ſweet to the Reader.*

Brand not my breuity with ill beliefe,
Beleeue me, 'tis my paine to be thus briefe:
I ſpeake not much, and fond, as many a one,
If I ſpeake fooliſhly, I ſoone haue done.

172 *A Requeſt to the Reader.*

Rather then my leaues ſhould Tabacco light,
I pray thee with them make thy back-ſide bright.

173 *Of his Booke.*

What if my Booke long before me ſhould dye?
Many a ſonne doth ſo vnwillingly.
What if he ſhould liue ſome time after me?
All my braines Children fraile and mortall be.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Epig. 1.

THough Fooles are euery where, (as there are many)
I cannot, nor I care not to pleaſe any:
Few Readers I deſire, and 'twere but one,
It ſhould not trouble me, if there were none.

5 *To Sir* Iohn Harrington, *moſt Excellent Poet.*

A Poet meane I am; yet of the troope
Though thou art not, yet better thou canſt do't.

7 *A Court Wit.*

At Court, who cannot his wit nimbly fit,
To fit each humour; hath at Court no wit.

8 *The Spurre of Knighthood.*

Thou knighted art, to get thy wiues good will;
Shee'll loue her ſelfe the more, thee little ſtill:
She'ath coſt thee much, but now ſhee'll coſt thee more;
Shee's dearer therefore to thee, then before.

9 Chymicks *folly.*

Th'vnskilfull Chymick *toyles*, and *boyles*, and *ſpoyles*,
To make a Stone; vnſtones himſelfe the whiles.

10 *A true Troian.*

When all was loſt, the Trojans then grew wiſe:
Who is not a true Trojan in this wiſe?

11 *The Remedy of Loue.*

Pray much, faſt oft, flye women as the fire,
Thinke not on earthly things, but thinke on higher:

If

If theſe worke not this, med'cine doth excell,
The fire of marriage will luſt-fire expell.

12 *London, anciently called Troynouant.*

As from the old Phœnix aſhes anew ſprings:
So from Troyes aſhes, London her birth brings.

37 *To Maſter* Adam Newton, *Tutor to King* Charles, *when he was Prince of Wales.*

The hopefull'ſt Prince that euer this Land breed,
Is from thy learned mouth ſo diſcipleed,
That times hereafter will be arguing,
Which he was; Greater, More learn'd, Better King?

Addition.

To the ſame Maſter Newton, *to whom for kindneſſe receiued, I am further indebted.*

I know thou art as learn'd as *Ariſt'le*,
Thy Pupill will his farre ſurpaſſe in battle,
In goodneſſe, good *Ioſiah*, *Dauid* rather;
In learning *Treſmegiſt*, or his owne * Father.

* *Our late moſt learned King* Iames.

39 *Sir* Francis Drake.

Drake like a Dragon through the world did flie,
And euery Coaſt thereof he did deſcrie:
Should enuious men be dumbe, the Spheares will ſhew,
And the two Poles, his iourneys which they ſaw:
Beyond Cades Pillers farre, Fame ſteerd his way;
Great *Hercules* on ſhore, but *Drake* by Sea.

43 *The Diuine.*

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but loſt,
Vnleſſe that other men know what thou know'ſt.

The Politician.

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but loſt,
If any other man know what thou know'ſt.

47 *Women would haue their Will.*

A Papiſt maid marrying a Lutheran;
Two ſects much diff'ring in opinion,
She ſaid, Sweet heart, be not vnkind to me;
All ſhall be well, for I'le be kind to thee:

Let

Let me of my old Faith hold but free will;
In other points I shall your mind fulfill.

54 *An English Wife.*

Let me set alwayes vppermost at boord,
The vppermost in bed I'le you affoord:
Thus wee'll deuide our rule; I rule all day,
All night, kind Husband, you shall ouer-sway.

57 *A prating Companion.*

Thou still ask'st leaue, that still thy tongue may walke:
Thou need'st no leaue, if thou would'st leaue to talke.

64 *The Order of the Golden Fleece.*

Philip of Burgundy did first ordaine
The Order of the Golden Fleece of Spaine,
He prophised, when he this Order made:
For his heires since haue got the golden Trade.

68 *To Mistris* Iane Owen, *a very learned Woman.*

Of thy fiue sisters, *Iane*, I know but thee,
I onely haue heard what their number bee:
I cannot one of them by their names call,
Yet if they be like thee, I know them all.

Addition.

Faire, modest, learned, wise, beyond my prayse:
Happy is he shall marry one of these.

71 *To one like neither of his Parents.*

Why art thou so vnlike either of those
Who thee begot, with a joynt willing close?
Whilst each did striue hard, who should forme thee most,
Ill-fauouredly their fauours thou hast lost.

72 *Two Gallants that went to Venice vp-on Returne.*

Towards faire Venice both of yee are gone,
At your returne, to receiue foure for one:
And now you are return'd to your owne Coast,
Your friends welcome you home vnto their cost.

80 *To a Drunken Rimer.*

Thou drink'st, and think'st, drinke makes a man a Poet,
Thou think'st, and drink'st, thou art one by that diet.

Adde but two letters vnto Verſifier,
And then thou art a drunken Verſ-defiler.

81 *More Epiſtle then Goſpell.*

Full often thy Epiſtles I receiue,
Thou ſeldome writeſt Goſpell, I perceiue.

88 *Naked Loue.*

Natures preſerue, from cold as with a freeze,
The ground with graſſe and corne, with barke green trees,
With feathers, birds; and beaſts, with wooll, and haire:
Where Nature wants, Art couering doth prepare.
Why then loues Loue her naked to vnfold?
The nakeder ſhe is, ſhe's the leſſe cold.

89 *The Exchequer.*

Collected Coyne into the Exchequer flowes;
As freſh ſtreames daily to the ſalt Sea goes:
From thence coyne is diſperſt by ſecret veines,
As through the Earth the Sea refils vp ſtreames;
Yet neuer will this Sea be ſatisfide,
Theſe riuers by their tribute neuer dride.

94 *This Worlds Wiſdome.*

Who's rich? The wiſe. Who's poore? The fooliſh man.
If I were wiſe, I ſhould haue riches than.
Who's wiſe? The rich. And who's a foole? The poore.
If I were rich, I ſhould be wiſe therefore.

102 *To play and ſtudy together.*

When I handle a graue and ſerious thing,
Lightly, and ſlightly, I play ſtudying:
When I light and ſlight triuiall matters way,
Too ſeriouſly I ſtudy in my play.

104 *To fault-finding and enuious*
Zoilus.

Praiſes are praiſed, Louers loued are:
If thou commend vs, we will ſpeake thee faire;
Loue vs hereafter, we will for thee care.

111 *The Couetous Man.*

Thy gold is lockt vp in thy iron cheſt:
Thy loue is blockt vp in thy iron breſt.

115 *The Plague in England, 1603.*

This hungry leane Plague did ſo many eate,
That we ſhall hardly finde a new plague meate.

116 *To a very faire Woman.*

If that thou wert as rich as thou art faire,
Then no one liuing could with thee compare.
If thou hadſt liu'd in time of Trojan warres,
For thee more iuſtly had been all thoſe iarres.

Addition on my Author.

Rare, faire was She, to whom he this affords,
Or he diſpoſed to giue her faire words.

122 *A phantaſticall Courtier.*

Of wiſe men thou art thought a fooliſh Elfe:
Fooles thinke thee wiſe: what think'ſt thou of thy ſelfe?

124 *A handſome Whore.*

Would' thou wert not ſo faire, or better giuen:
Then a faire Whore there's nought worſe vnder heau'n.

126 *To Bald-pate.*

Thou haſt loſt all thy haire vpon thy pate,
Thy faithleſſe forhead is in the ſame ſtate,
B fore, behinde, all thy haires being fled;
What haſt thou bald-pate for to loſe? Thy head.

127 *Nolens volens.*

Clandius might ſoone be honeſt, if he would:
Lynus would be vnhoneſt, if he could.

131 *On a couetous Gowty-fiſt.*

If thou a gift gau'ſt to this Clung-fiſt man,
Hee'l finde a hundred hands, though he haue none:
But if thou for thy gift, a gift do'ſt craue,
No hand he hath, though hundred hands he haue.

132 *Kings Miſery.*

Whil'ſt ſome dares not tell him the truth of things,
And thoſe that may, rought but *placebo* ſings,
How miſerable is the ſtate of Kings?

133 *Might and Right.*

Might ouercomes Right, and Right matters Might,
Yet change one letter, Right makes Might, Might, Right.

137 *On a Scalded ill-fauored Knaue.*

In a knowne part, hot *Venus* branded thee,
That thou somewhere might'st in her liuery bee.

138 *To Adr. V.*

Thy laughing Epigrams ridiculous,
Make vs not smile, but laughter cause in vs.
They haue no iests: the Reader laughs at that,
Because ther's nothing worth the laughing at.

148 *Sir* Francis Drakes *Epitaph.*

If Romish bloody superstition
Should for our sinnes into our Land returne,
And that they should vse their vile fashion,
Their aduersaries bodies for to burne;
Braue *Drake*, thy body in the Sea lies free
From their bold, beastly, bloody cruelty:

Addition,
Alluding to the Legend of the floating Lady of Loretto.

Except some *Loret* Miracle doe float thee.

157 *Of* Virgils *Georgicks.*

Thy verses, *Maro*, Husbandry expresse,
Thou dost thy Readers grounds and his wit dresse.

158 *To Poet* Persius.

Persius, when I sometimes thy verses touch,
Thy sence I see not, thy darke lines are such,
Thou dost neglect thy Reader too-too much.

160 *To Poet* Martiall.

Thou iest'st at things, yet men thou dost not wrong,
No gall, much honey flowes from thy salt tongue.

161 *To excellent Poet* Petrack *of his* Laura.

As often as thy *Laura* shall be read,
Amongst thy Readers 'twill be questioned,
Whether thy *Laura*, Lawrell doth deserue
Better then thou, that didst her so well serue.

172 *On his owne Epigrams to* Samuel Daniel, *most witty Poet.*

'Tis not strange, if my Epigrams be meane,
I doe not bite my nailes, nor beate my braine.

177 *Hunger makes meate taſte ſweeteſt.*

If with much pleaſure thou would'ſt eate thy meate,
Be hungry then, before the meate thou eate.

181 *Satyrs and Epigrams.*

Satyrs are Epigrams; but larger drouen,
Epigrams Satyrs are, but cloſer wouen:
An Epigram muſt be Satyricall,
A Satyr muſt be Epigrammicall.

183 *Deafe and Blind.*

Deafe men looke wilde: blind men thruſt out their eare:
Blind with eares ſee: Deafe with their eyes doe heare.

189 *Sunday.*

Sunday I'le call that day, ſpite of preciſe,
In which the glorious Sonne of God did riſe.

191 *Faſhions in Clothes.*

Old out-worne faſhions young mens faſhion growes:
And old men weare late ſtrange new faſhion clothes.

193 *The commodity of a fully Sheepe.*

If leather, fleſh, milke compoſt, dice, or cords,
Or wooll you want; all this a Sheepe affords.

An Egge, which though it be mine owne, I'le adde to this, becauſe it goes to the ſame tune.

If fleſh, or skinne, or bones, feathers, or ſtrings,
Or blood you want; all this one round Egge brings.

To mine Author, a little to be merry with him.

When I did write this, I did thinke vpon
The Egge, ſup't vp by thine owne Countryman.

196 *Parret, and Prater.*

Parret and *Prater*, iumpe iuſt in their names,
One to the other are right Anagrams.

200 *Satyrs and good Lawes haue one originall cauſe.*

Good Lawes and Satyrs from one cauſe proceed;
Wicked behauiour both of them doth breed.

Addition. Theſe ends are alike.

Tart, byting Satyrs haue the ſelfe-ſame end,
That good Lawes haue, bad manners to amend.

203 *A Merchants account.*

Or rich, or poore, account my selfe I may,
Whilst with my goods I trust the Bankrout Sea.

204 *Lust.*

In the darke, foule Sluts are esteemed faire:
Blind lust is cause thereof, not the darke ayre.

213 *Eccho.*

Caruing, nor painting, cannot expresse words;
Yet prating Eccho that quaint-art affords.

214 *Looking-glasse.*

To expresse Motion, Painting is nought worth;
My Looking-glasse can liuely set it forth.

215 *Eccho, and Looking-glasse.*

Nothing of man but voyce Eccho affords;
My Looking-glasse wants nothing else but words.

217 *A good Chapman.*

I gaue thee three books, three pounds thou gau'st me;
No man hath bought my books as deare as thee.

To the blessed Memory of King Iames, *the happy*

218 *Uniter of this so long-diuided Iland of Great Britaine.*

Great *Britaine* seuer'd from the World by Sea,
Was in it selfe diuided many a day,
In many Kingdomes, and in many parts,
Which did diuide her people, and their harts:
Vnhappy then was parted Albion,
Happy in Thee, for in Thee All-be-on.

Addition to King Iames.

Oft haue I wish'd (O pardon my wishing.)
That thou hadst stil'd thy selfe All-be-ons King.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

Epig. 4.

The happy Virgin-iſſue of Bleſſed Queene Elizabeth.

SCotland with England was twinn'd happily,
In the bleſt birth of thy Virginity:
To vnite, is more bleſſed then to breed,
From thy not-bearing this birth did proceed.

9 *To the vertuous Lady*, Mary Neuil, *Daughter to the Earle of Dorſet, his worthy Patroneſſe.*

Thy glaſſe preſents thee faire, Fame Chaſt thee ſtiles:
Neither thy Glaſſe nor Fame doe lye the whiles.
Loud-wide-mouth'd Fame ſwifter then Eagles wing,
Dares not report againſt thee any thing.

10 *To the ſame right worthy Lady, of her little Daughter*, Cicill.

To limme ſoules beauty, painting is nought-worth:
This pretty Image liuely ſets thine forth.

11 *To the white-handed Reader.*

My good excell: my bad ones well may paſſe:
Such grace (white Reader) thy kind iudgement has.

12 *To the black-mouth'd Reader.*

My meane are nought, my bad intolerable:
Thy enuy doth (black Reader) them diſable.

18 Diues *and* Lazarus.

The rich man hath in Gods Booke but his ſhame:
Poore *Lazarus* in Gods Booke hath his Name.

22 *The Spirit and Fleſh.*

The Spirit this, the Fleſh drawes me that way:
Caſar and *Ioue* in me beare ſeuerall ſway:
If there were once a good Peace 'twixt theſe two,
In Earth there would not be ſo much adoe.

24 *Gods Sight and mans ouer-ſight.*

Men few things ſee, God all things doth fore-ſee:
God ſeldome ſpeakes, but men ſtill prating bee.

25 *The broad and narrow Way.*

Heau'ns Way is narrow: but Heau'ns Roomes are broad:
Hells way is large: but narrow his aboade.
Who goes not the ſtraite Way to the broad place,
The broad will bring him in a narrow caſe.

30 *A Catechiſme.*

We muſt beleeue twelue, and we muſt do ten,
And pray for ſeuen; if we'll be godly men.

31 *Rich mens Repentance.*

Why are ſo many rich men to Hell ſent?
They repent nothing but their Mony ſpent.

35 *Wiſedome, Iuſtice, and Fortitude.*

He's wiſe, who knowes much: iuſt, who iuſt doth deale:
He valiant is, who knowes, and dares doe well.

37 *To Camber-Britons.*

Wales, Scotland, England, now are ioynd in one:
Henceforth Wales is not Brittany alone.

41 *Chriſt Ieſus God and Man.*

Becauſe the purer God-head could not dye,
Nor could the impure Man-hood ſatisfie:
Therefore our wiſe God ſuffered bodily.

45 *Adams fall was our thrall.*

Since our firſt Parent, Father *Adams* fall,
Our bodies goods, and ſoules are thus in thrall:
Diuines haue got the ſway ouer our ſoules,
Phyſicions, bodies, Lawyers goods controwle.

47 *A good Preacher.*

The

The mornings truſty Herauld Chantecleare,
Before he tells vs that the day is neere,
Ruſſels himſelfe, ſtretching forth euery wing,
And then his good newes lowdly he doth ſing:
So a good Preacher ſhoud rouze himſelfe then,
When he intends to ſtirre vp other men.

65 *Niggard and prodigall.*

Niggards nothing will giue, whil'ſt they haue breath:
Vnthrifts haue nothing to giue after death.

76 *Old Criticks. New Phantaſticks.*

His enuy is too groſſe, who likes no new diuice:
And he that likes nothing but new, his enuy is too nice.

77 *A Chriſtians Death.*

As in a way Death doth vs to life bring:
Death's no enterring, but an entering.

80 *Holineſſe is better then Learning.*

To reade Saints liues, and not liue like them holy,
Doth not reſpect, but doth neglect them wholly.

82 *An Atheiſts godlineſſe.*

Thou haſt no Faith on any thing that's paſt,
Nor doſt thou hope on any thing at laſt,
But on the preſent all thy Loue is plaſt.

84 *The diuers effects of praiſe.*

Praiſe doth improue the Good man, hurts the Bad,
Infatuates Fooles, makes wiſe the crafty Lad.

86 *The Enuious and the Fooliſh man.*

The foole wants wit, the enuious a good mind,
Whil'ſt this ſees not, the other will be blind.

96 *Diuine Vertue.*

Vertue an act is, not an idle breath,
In workes, not words, are found Loue, Hope, and Faith.

105 *Young Dayes.*

Then now time was, when firſt of all time was,
When the new world was fram'd out of the maſſe,
Now tell me, Reader, of Antiquities,
Are theſe the elder or the newer dayes?

106 *Deſire, and haue.*

Would'ſt thou doe good? continue thy good will,
He that gaue thee deſire, will giue thee skill.

108 *Good men are better then wiſe men.*

Wiſe men are wiſer then good men. What then?
'Tis better to be better then wiſe men.

110 *Much Preaching. To Preachers.*

'Tis ſigne of much ill, where much preaching needs,
For what needs preaching, where you ſee good deeds?

A reply to mine Author.

Yes, preaching may doe good, where goodneſſe growes,
T'incourage, to confirme, to comfort thoſe.

112 *Eloquence.*

Not he that prates, and takes a foule great deale.
Is eloquent: but hee that talketh well:
As that is not good ground that ranke weeds beares,
But that which breeds good graſſe; or great full eares.

Loue *comes by ſeeing*: Faith *comes by hearing.*

116 *To Princes.*

Now out alas! Zeale, and the ancient Faith
You doe pretend, and warme her with your breath:
Religion you pretend t'increaſe your honour,
Not to reſtore Religions honour on her.

117 *O Times, O Manners!*

With our faults we doe times and manners blame,
Accuſing times and manners with the ſame:
Neither in times nor manners is the crime,
By times we are not viced, but in time.

118 *Knowledge-hunters. Philoſophers of our time.*

Moſt would know all, little beleeue, but ſuch
Doe know but little, and beleeue too much.

120 *More Zeale then Godlineſſe.*

Diuines ſtriue, and their caſe is in the Iudge:
Would God till he did bid, they would not budge:
Diuines ſtriue, and who's Iudge, they do contend.
Would God that that were all they did pretend,
That ſtrife of loue were their intention,
Not loue of ſtrife, and of contention.

123 *A quiet and a temperate life frees a man from Lawyers and Phyſicions.*

If men would temperate be in thought and dyet,
Eating that's good, and keeping themſelues quiet:
If men would patient be, and not be ſtird,
With couetice, and euery teſty word:
Thoſe that now pleade in Gownes, might then part Lice,
And Veluet Caps goe poyſon Rats and Mice.

124 *The viciſſitude of Marriage.*

One bed can hold a louing man and wife:
A great houſe cannot hold them being at ſtrife.

125 *Death ſudden and ſure.*

Death hath his day, which he will not for-ſlow:
To morrow is that day, for ought we know.

128 *A Prayer.*

Good God that doſt all wills to thy will tye:
Giue me a will to liue, a will to dye.

129 *Good Counſell without a Fee.*

If that the Iudge be deafe, then heare thou mee,
Good Counſell I'll thee giue without a Fee:
Study thy Iudge more then thou doſt thy caſe,
So in that caſe thou ſhalt haue no diſgrace.

130 *To a Belly-god.*

Faſting was firſt ordained as a Rod,
To awe fleſh to the ſpirit, the ſpirit to God:
But Faſting-dayes moſt of thy Feaſt dayes be,
Thy ſpirit ſerues thy fleſh, both of them thee.

132 *It is no maruaile that we haue no Miracles.*

Is Gods arme ſhort, that Miracles are gone?
No: Our ſhort-arm'd Faith now can reach vs none.

138 *Griefe and Pleaſure.*

Bodies and ſoule-griefes vex, till they are paſt,
Griefes vex vs firſt, they comfort vs at laſt:
But preſent pleaſures pleaſe, though bought with paine:
Their preſent pleaſures future ſorrowes gaine.

140 *An argument againſt ſleeping.*

If dying ſleeping, be ſleeping to die:
Why, then the more I ſleepe, the leſſe liue I.

Contrary to the Prayer of the Apoſtles, Luk. 17. 5.

143 *The multiplicitie of beliefes in our dayes, doth rather require this prayer.*

Decreaſe our Faiths, Lord, 'tis increaſt too farre:
As many men, ſo many Faithes there are;
And each one dotes on his fond Miſteres,
Neuer more faiths, nor more vnfaithfulnes.

146 *Vanity of vanities.*

Heraclitus, that ſhed ſo much ſalt brine,
For thoſe few ſmall ills of his better time:
If hee did ſee, and know the beſt of our,
Hee'd weepe out both his eyes in halfe an houre.
And did *Democritus* laugh out his life
In his dayes, when folly was not ſo rife?
If he dip ſee thoſe parts that we doe play,
Hee'd laugh out all his Spleene in halfe a day.

148 *Works Conſequence.*

Their workes doe follow them, that ſtill doe well:
Thoſe that doe ill, follow their works to Hell.

149 *Feare begets zeale.*

We ſhall deſire Heauen, if we feare Hell fire:
Cold feare of Hell, inflames heauens hot deſire.

161 Owens *Bracelet.*

Our ſenſes without Reaſon, are nought worth;
Nor Reaſon, vnleſſe Faith doe ſet it forth:
Neither is Faith without Loue to be deem'd;
Nor is Loue without God to be eſteem'd.

164 *Wiſdome and Valour.*

Wiſe men feare harmes, but valiant men do beare them:
So wiſe men beare them not, nor braue men feare them.

165 *In the ſweat of thy browes.*

Our bleſſed God, that bade vs for to get
Our daily maintnance, by our daily ſwet;

Did

Did neuer promiſe vs, without our paine,
We ſhould our euerlaſting maint'nance gaine.

170 *Retaliation. To an ignoble Nobleman.*

Thy Anceſtors did many glorious acts;
But thou ne'r read'ſt the Record of their facts:
Iuſtice 'twill be in thoſe, who thee ſucceeds,
If they reade not thy vile ignoble deeds.

173 *Iohn againſt all.*

Though all men argue 'gainſt thee in the right,
Thou haſt one anſwer for them; I deny it.

174 *Iuſtification.*

Doth Faith or good works iuſtifie the iuſt?
Neither, except God iuſtifie them firſt.

181. *A ſtrange wiſh. To a poore friend.*

'Tis bad enough; yet worſer God thee ſend:
For when 'tis at the worſt, then it will mend.

182 *The Earths diuiſion.*

Coſmographers the Earth in foure parts ſhare.
As many parts, ſo many Creeds there are.

Addition.

Aſia, Affrick, America, Europe.
Iewiſh, Mametan, Pagan, Chriſtian hope.

183. *The cauſe of quarrels.*

All ſauour their owne ſenſe, their reaſons ſway;
All will haue their owne will, and their owne way:
This is the cauſe of quarrels, and debate;
For if will would be ſtill, we ſhould not hate.

185 *A wiſe Man.*

Who knowes the cauſe of things, can temporize,
Rule paſſions, order actions; he is wiſe.

186 *Wiſdomes ſouerainty.*

Fate gouernes fooles, wiſe men o're-rule the ſtarrs:
Not Fate, but their pate orders their affaires.

187 *A Chriſoms Epitaph.*

Aske not the name of him that here doth lye;
Nameleſſe, and blameleſſe, I poore child did dye:

With-

Without a name, O Chriſt, I am ingrau'd,
That onely in thy Name I might be ſau'd.

191 *Socrates knowledge.*

Nothing thou know'ſt, yet that thing thou doſt know;
Thou know'ſt ſome thing, and that's nothing I trow
This ſomething's nothing, nothing's ſomething tho.

193 *A Generall Epitaph.*

Thou wert borne with not one ragge on thy back;
When thou went'ſt hence, a ſheet thou didſt not lack:
Therefore thou carried'ſt more vnto thy Mother,
Then thou didſt bring with thee, when thou cam'ſt hither.

196 *The two Eyes of the world.*

Law and Religion doe herein agree;
Good and bad minds and hands; they tye and free.

192 *Death, better then life.*

Wee cry, being borne: from thence thus argue I,
If to be borne be bad, tis good to dye.

197 *To Doctor* Iohn Gifford, *a learned Phyſicion.*

In Phyſicke ſtill thou art exactly ſeene;
Thy ſelfe thou know'ſt both without, and within:
Whilſt *Gallen* ſhewes thee rules for others health
Apollo teacheth thee to know thy ſelfe.

200 *Saint* Pauls *in London, and Saint* Peters *in Weſtminſter.*

Saint *Peters* Church is by the Exchequor plac'd.
Hard by White-hall with the Kings preſence grac'd:
But by Saint *Pauls*, learned Diuines doe preach,
And there are ſold thoſe bookes which learning teach.
They're fitly plac'd, *Pauls* here, Saint *Peters* there;
Peter the richer, *Paul* the learneder.

199 *Miſerable Iob.*

God gaue the Deuill leaue to ſpoyle *Iobs* wealth,
To kill his Children, and impaire his health:
His friends vpbray'd him with his wretched life,
Yet had he one worſe plague; he had a wife.

201 *On those Traytors, who the fift of Nouember, 1605. intended to blow vp the Parliament house with Gunpowder.*

These like the old fain'd Gyant-Generation,
Would pluck the Gods out of their habitation,
With raising *Pelion* vpon Ossa hill.
And Babel towre build with a strange new skill,
Burne Troy to ashes, and her peace disquiet,
And bring all things vnto a second *Fiat*.

Addition.

On this neuer the like heard of Treason, and neuer to be forgotten Deliuerance.

Ne'r did the like report sound in mans eare:
God blest vs, that That sound wee did not heare.

202. *To the Reader.*

To those Gunpowder Traytors, who on a Tuesday intended to blow vp the Parliament House.

Traytors, would you with fire New-Troy destroy,
'Cause Trayterous Greekes with fire destroyd old Troy?
Tuesday is *Mars* his day, the God of Warre,
A day fit for a plot of Gunpowder.

207. *To the Reader.*

Thou that readst these, shalt find them shor and few,
Were these few many, they would larger grow.
Thou that read'st these, shalt find them few, and short:
Were these few long, they'd be the larger for't.

208 *Voice and Writing.*

Though voice be liuing, writing a Lead better,
Yet voice soone dyes, writing liues long and etter.

PART

PART OF MASTER IOHN OWENS EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED into ENGLISH.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE, WHICH HE CALS HIS SOLE BOOKE.

To his Booke.

Epig. 3.

THou now muſt paſſe euen through a world of hands,
Thy cenſure vnder diuers iudgements ſtands:
Who doth not reade thee, may thee diſcommend;
More fault-finders then Readers thou wilt find.

4 *To the Inhabitants of Great Britaine.*

As bad, as mad, we well That man may hold,
Who doth deſpiſe needfull free-proferd gold:
He worthy were to weare a Bedlam fetter;
You did deſpiſe the Vnion that was better.

10 *The three Dimenſions to a prating lack.*

In thy talke are but two dimenſions found;
'Tis large, 'tis long, but not at all profound.

16 *To a great Courtier.*

If the King ſmile on thee, all will doe ſo;
As ſhaddows doe after our bodies goe:
If the King frowne, all the Court will looke black;
As when the Sunne is ſet, we ſhaddows lack.

17 *Baldneſſe through Vice.*

Though not one haire can on thy head be ſeene:
On that white table all may reade thy ſinne.

18 *To Pontilian.*

Calls he thee into Law, *Pontilian?*
He calls not thee, he calls thy mony, man.

Addition.

He hopes to worke on thee by bribery,
By thy feare, comprimiſe, or forgery.

20 *Ennies Genealogie.*

To the admirably-vertuous, Sir Iohn Harrington, *then Heire to the Lord* Harrington.

Faire Vertue, foule-mouth'd Enuie breeds, and feeds;
From Vertue onely this foule Vice proceeds:
Wonder not that I this to you indite:
'Gainſt your rare Vertues, Enuie bends her ſpite.

23 *A rich Promiſer, but a poore Performer.*

We ſhould performe more, then we promiſe can;
For God hath giuen one tongue, two hands to man:
Nothing thou giu'ſt, yet granteſt each demand,
As if thou hadſt two tongues, but not a hand.

26 *Euery man flatters himſelfe.*

Of all the Planets betwixt vs and Heau'n,
The Moone, though leaſt, ſeemes greateſt of the ſeu'n:
To beſt conceits that other wayes doe know,
Becauſe ſhe's neereſt vs, ſhe ſeemeth ſo.
So though I am a Poet ſmall, and bad;
To my neere ſelfe, I ſeeme the fineſt Lad.

29 *Thy ſhaddow in thy Looking-glaſſe.*

When thou doſt laugh, thy ſhaddow ſeemes to ſmile;
Whilſt thou doſt weepe, he mourneth all the while:
Sleeping he winks, all poſtures hee'l afford;
Yet when thou ſpeak'ſt, he ſpeaketh not a word.

31 *To a ſleeping talker.*

In ſleepe thou ſpeak'ſt vnfore-thought myſteries,
And vtt'reſt vnfore-ſeene things with cloſ'd eies:
How well would'ſt thou diſcourſe, if thou wert dead,
Since ſleepe, Deaths image, ſuch fine talke hath bred?

33 *Mans misery.*

Angels want bodies, and are neuer ſick;
Beaſts wanting ſoules, their conſcience neuer prick:
Onely poore man, of ſoule and body made,
Their bodies paines; ſadneſſe their ſoules inuade:
Reaſon that ſhould rule paſſion, is not able;
She only ſhewes men they are miſerable.

35 *To an vnmarried friend.*

Good doers deſerue Heau'n after this life:
Thou haſt thy deſeru'd heau'n, thou haſt no wife.

36 *Woe to the alone.*

To a married friend, propoſing God for an example.

God made him Angels to attend his Throne:
And why? becauſe God would not liue alone.

Addition.

Hauing made Man, makes Woman of his bone:
And why? becauſe man ſhould not liue alone.

38 *An Atheiſts Inheritance.*

When any man of Heau'n doth talke to thee;
Thou ſay'ſt, they vaine, and idle prattlers be:
What's aboue vs, to vs doth not belong,
Hell is below thee to burne ſuch a tongue.

40 *To the Readers.*

Doſt thou aske me, Why I take ſo much paine,
To be thus briefe? Reader, 'tis for thy gaine.
As trauellers find gold leſſe cumberſome
Then ſiluer, ſuch is breuity to ſome.

41 *The New Roman Computation.*

Rome that ſayes, ſhe holds all points without change;
Why doth ſhe old feaſt, from the old ranke range?

50 *To an enuious Momus, who found fault with his three firſt Bookes.*

Had fiue iuſt men amongſt a wicked brood
Been found, Gomorah to this day had ſtood:
For a few bad, looſe verſes thou findſt heere,
My whole booke thou (black Reader) wouldſt caſheere.

53 *The poore Cuckolds Complaint.*

For my wiues close-stolne sports, why am I blam'd?
And of the common vulgar, Cuckold nam'd,
And pointed at? For what I did not act,
But you, I know not who; call't not my fact.

69 *Cardinall* Wolseys *Ego & Rex meus:*
I and my King.

Grammarians will allow I, and my King:
The Courtier say's, it was a saucy thing:
Grammarians teach words; Courtiers words well sort:
This phrase might passe in Schooles, but not at Court.

75 *Deaths Trouer.*

Death finds some, as *Vlysses* found his wife,
With care and sorrow spinning out her life.

Addition.

To her, *Vlysses* was a welcome guest,
To some as welcome is Deaths sad arrest.

80 *A bad Debtor.*

I know, thou tak'st great care both night and day,
Not how thou mayst, but how thou mayst not pay:
Thou payst me nothing, that's thy wickednesse:
But payst thy Lawyer, that's thy foolishnesse.

82 *The deriuatiue Church.*

There is but one true Church, as one true Faith,
Which from th'Eternall Spirit hath her breath:
From Primitiue all would themselues deriue,
To proue it, they strange arguments contriue.

84 *The good of want.*

If how good things are, by want best are knowne,
I should know mony's good, for I haue none.

87 Democrates *many Worlds.*

If all those Worlds were, those innumerable,
Which fond *Democrates* did earst beleiue:
I doe beleeue, that amongst all that rabble,
This world would be the worst wherein we liue.

88 *Of Epigrams.*

An Epigram that's new, quick, tart, sharp, witty,

Is like a Wench that's new, faire, ſmooth, neate, pretty:
Whilſt they are new and freſh, they are reſpected:
Once common (though ſtill good) they are neglected.

91 *A couetous mans bounty: or a ſure marke-man.*

He giues to take, takes not to giue againe:
Giuing his arrowes are, his marke is gaine.

93 Penelope's *Patience.*

Penelope's patient Fidelity
Was once a Prouerbe, now a Prodigy.

94 *To* Anetta.

Nature ('tis ſaid) with little is content:
That ſaying of thy Nature is not meut.

95 *To an one-eyed Souldier.*

Of thy two eyes, thou now haſt left but one,
Which by his moiſtneſſe alway ſeemes to mone:
One eye being loſt, why alway weeps the other?
Becauſe that in the warres he loſt his brother.

96 *Why there is no peace in Europe.*

Princes make warre, and ſoone their warres doe ceaſe,
Oft times they warre to haue the better peace:
Diuines ſtriue, and with Venome fill their veines,
With gall their ſtomackes, and with ſpite their braines:
Longer and worſe they warre with quills and words,
Then Princes vſe to doe with fire and ſwords.

97 *An Antidote, leſt women ſhould be proud.*

When thou thy faire face ſee'ſt in thy fine glaſſe,
Be not puft vp, becauſe it beauty has:
Brittle and fraile is thy faire, fine, neate feature:
How like thy fine glaſſe art thou pretty Creature?

100 *Natures Horizon.*

Two Elements we ſee not, fire and aire;
Water and Earth wee ſee, 'cauſe they are neere:
So wee know men and beaſts that are below;
High Angels, higheſt God, we doe not know.

105 *An ambo dexter.*

A Fencer with a two-hand Scabberd.

If *Pompey* ouercome, I am his man:
If *Cæsar* winne, I'm a Cæsarian.

113 *A Kings behauiour.*

To King Iames.

All ſubiects in their manners follow Kings,
What they doe; bids: forbearing, forbids things:
A Kings behauiour ſwayes his ſubiects lyues:
As the firſt mouer all the fixt ſtarres driues.

114 *The head is worth all the body beſides.*

To King Iames.

Reaſon and ſenſes in the head reſides:
Nothing in man worth any thing beſides.

115 *Kings feare Death.*

What Kings feare moſt, what men feare them to tell:
Fame boldly tells them, and the paſſing Bell.

118 *A Loſing Gaine.*

Adam did loſe a rib, to get a wife.
Poore gaine! by her he loſt eternall Life.

119 *Head Tyres.*

Huge, high-tope-wyres and tyres with toyes beſpred,
Doe rather build, then beautifie the head.

121 *The East and Weſterne Churches.*

The right hand Faith is in the worlds left Coaſt:
The right hand of the world hath left faith moſt.

127 *To his Reader.*

Thirſty thoſe are that doe eat ſalt meats firſt,
Would my ſalt lines might cauſe in thee ſuch thirſt.

128 *How to rule a wife.*

Who begs not, nor commands what he would haue:
His wife is not his Miſtreſſe, nor his ſlaue.

Addition.

A Probleme.

Yet ſome are ſo ill-natur'd, or ill bred,
With whom requeſt commands; threats haue ill ſped:
What bit is fit for beaſts that ſo take head?

131 *To Anabaptists and such kind of mealy Brethren.*

You build no Churches, Churches you destroy:
This Zeale doth not heale, but Christs Church annoy:
The Spirit (you say) doth presse you fiercely on.
* Reuel. 9.11. What spirit is your spirit then? * A-badd-on.

132 *Alchymists folly.*

God at the first of nothing all things wrought:
Our Alchymists reduce all things to nought.

136 *The Crosse in Cheapside ouer against Saint* Peters, *and* Pauls *Crosse in the Booke-row.*

Why is Saint *Peters* guilt? *Pauls* crosse of lead:
Vnder *Pauls* Crosse are golden Lectures read.

140 Seneca *the Philosopher.*

Thy writings are fine Epigrams in face,
They nothing want but Poets cinquepace.

141 *To the honourable, wise, iudicious Knight,* *Sir* Henry Neuil, *Sonne and Heire to the Lord of Aberguenny.*

I thinke I heard you once say at your boord,
That your taste, the sharp taste of salt abhord.
Wise Sir, you need not to eat salt: Wherefore?
All your wise talke hath salt in it good store.

144 *Contention is fit to dwell no where.*

In heauen or Hell is no dissention,
In Heauen all good, in Hell ill euery one:
In earth mens diuers dispositions
Doe cause both long, and strong diuisions.
Therefore the earth shall be quite emptied,
And heauen and hell be fully peopled.

147 *The poore mans poore comfort. To a rich man.*

Vnconstant Fortune quickly changeth cheare:
Hence springs my future *Hope*, thy present *Feare.*

149 *The Heart.*

Why is the right side of the Heart bereft?
And on the left plac'd? Wisedome it hath left.

156 *The Worlds blacke Saunts: or Muſicke for the Deuill.*

The World's ſo full of ſhrill-voyc'd iangling,
Of deepe repyning, and baſe murmuring:
The Baſe ſo deepe, the Treble is ſo high,
That Meane and Tenor we cannot diſcry.

159 *The world growes worſe and worſe.*

Our Syres were worſe then theirs: we worſe then they:
For ſtill the World growes worſer eu'ry day.
If our poſterity grow worſe then we,
A worſer race then theirs there cannot be.

160 *Londons Loadſtone.*

As Thames deuoures many ſmall brookes and rills:
Soe ſmaller Townes with their wealth London fills:
But though that Thames empts it ſelfe in the Sea,
Wealth once at London, neuer runnes away.

162 *Fooles and Dwarfes.*

Though wit or vertue haue in vs no treaſure,
Yet we are Great mens ſports, and Great mens pleaſure.

163 *Euery man is full of care.*

Poore men haue care, becauſe that they are poore:
Rich men haue wealth, and haue much care therefore:
Who hath no wife, takes great care to haue one;
Who hath a wife, hath more then who hath none.

171 *The bleſſed Virgin* Mary, *the Mother of Chriſt Ieſus.*

A bleſſed Virgin, that's thy common Name;
Aboue all Women bleſt, that is thy fame:
Thy Virgins bleſſed State had me nought wonne,
Had'ſt thou not beene the Mother of thy Sonne.

173 *New faſhions in words.*

Old words are new reuiu'd, and thoſe ſhall dye,
Which now are in diſcourſing prized high,
And with bold flights in our ſet ſpeeches fly.
Our now new pleaſant words will not pleaſe long,
Becauſe they cannot ſtill continue young:
And other newer words will them out-throng.

180 *To an Old Churle.*

Thou that did'ſt neuer doe good any way,
When wilt begin to doe good? Thou doſt ſay,
When I dye, to the poore Ile leaue my ſtate:
Who's not wiſe till he dyes, is wiſe too late.

182 *A fearefull Soules fleſh-farewell.*

Why ſhould the immortall ſoule feare bodies death?
Feares ſhee to expire with the bodies breath?
Or feares ſhe going hence, ſhe muſt reſort
To long long puniſhment, but iudgement ſhort?
Cold, ſhaking feare of the hot fire of hell,
Makes this ſad ſoule loth bid the fleſh farewell.

Addition.

A good Chriſtians Soules Fleſh-farewell.

A thought ſo baſe hath not that ſoule ſurpriz'd,
Who knowes the fleſh ſhall be immortaliz'd:
He feares no puniſhment, who is aſſur'd
Before he dye, his pardon is procur'd.
Body and ſoule thus chear'd by Gods grace,
Part like friends, pointing a new meeting place:
Therefore who hopes for Heauen, and feares not Hell,
May chearefully bid the fraile fleſh farewell.

An Epigram on both theſe.

Hee feares not death, who hopes for Heauens glory;
He may feare Death, that feareth purgatory,
Or he that thinkes this life ſhall end his ſtory.

A Prayer herenpon.

*Phil. 2. 12. Good dreadfull God, though I liue * fearefully;
Yet when I dye, make me dye cheerefully.

183 *A woman may be too proud.*

If I ſhould praiſe thee, thou wouldſt prouder grow:
And thou already art too proud, I trow.

184 *A muck-Worme.*

Heau'n ſtill views thee, and thou ſhouldſt it ſtill view,
God gaue Heau'n lights, and hath giu'n eyes to you:
Thou canſt at once little of this earth ſee,
But with one turne, halfe Heau'n obſeru'd may bee.

Since

Since Heau'n is louely, why lou'ſt thou Earth rather?
Wantons doe loue their Mam more then the father.

188 *Cor vnum, via vna.*

To King Iames, *the firſt King of Great Brittaine.*

Two Scepters in thy two hands thou doſt hold:
Thy Subiects languages are iuſt foure-fold:
Though Brittaine folke in tongues deuided bee,
Yet all their hearts vnited are in thee.
The Diuell it was that firſt deuided hearts:
Speach God diuided into many parts.

189 *A King and a Prophet.*

A King out of his Countrey hath no place:
A Prophet in his Country hath no grace.

190 *Vertues Attendance.*

Theſe two like *Genij* follow Vertue ſtill:
A good one, and a bad; Glory, Ill-will.

192 *To a fooliſh inquiſitiue vaine prattler.*

Many fond queſtions thou doſt aske of me,
To all I anſwer little vnto thee:
'Tis not becauſe thy queſtioning is much,
But becauſe thy fond queſtions are ſuch.

193 *Sleepe is the image of Death.*

When I doe ſleep, I ſeeme as I were dead;
Yet no part of my life's more ſweetned:
Therefore 'twere ſtrange that death ſhould bitter be,
Since ſleep, deaths image is ſo ſweet to me.

194 *How worldly men range their cares.*

Firſt, we ſend for the Lawyer in all haſte;
For our firſt care is, to care for our wealth:
Next, the Phyſicion with requeſt is graſte,
The ſecond care is, to care for our health:
Diuines that ſhould be firſt, may come at leaſure;
If vnbid they come, they may goe at pleaſure.

206 *A Lawyers life.*

To plead thy Clyents cauſe, and pleaſe thy wife;
Little for thy ſelfe thou doſt ſpend thy life.

Addition.

In little quietneſſe, but in much ſtrife.

207 *Preachers and Players.*

Preachers like *Heraclite*, mourne for our ſinne;
Prayers like *Democrite*, at our faults grinne:
One alwaies laughs, the other mournes alwaies;
One tells our faults, the other our ſinnes wayes.

215 *Schoole-boyes ſtudy.*

When I was young, I was a ſtudying boy;
My ſtudy was, when 'twould be playing Day.

216 *Euery thing is as it takes.*

If *Archy* ſhould one fooliſhly aduiſe,
And it ſpeed well; he ſhall be iudged wiſe:
If wiſe aduice ſhould come to an ill paſſe;
Though *Cato's* 'twere, he ſhould be iudg'd an aſſe.

217 *How to handle griefes.*

Grieue onely for thoſe griefes which now thou haſt;
Tis too late for to grieue griefes that are paſt;
To grieue for griefes to come, 'twill too long laſt.

223 *The* Poet, *of his Mæcenas.*

Not words for words, good coyne he me affords.

Mæcenas to his Poet.

Hauing no coyne for coyne, thou coyneſt words.

225 *Blind Homer.*

Whe'r it be true that men doe write of thee,
That thou ne'r ſaw'ſt; I'm ſure thy writings ſee.

227 *To goe about, worſe then the Goute.*

Thou haſt two diffring griefes (I vnderſtand:)
One in thy feet, th'other in thy wiues hand:
For when thy feet are fett'red with the goute,
Thy wiues ſore nimble hand ferkes thee about.

235 *Pride is womans Colloquintida.*

Learned, neate, young, faire, modeſt, and bening;
Wert thou not proud, thou wert a pretty thing.

24 *Of King* Brute.

To Maſter Camden.

Bookes may be burnt, and monuments decay;

My

My lines may dye, and ſo in time thine may :
Yet whil'ſt ſome of the Brittaine blood ſhall liue,
The ſtory of King *Brute* ſome will beleeue.

246 *To a couetous Carle.*

Wealth thou haſt ſcrap'd vp for a thouſand yeares;
A hundred yeares is more then thou canſt liue :
Yet to ſcrape vp more wealth thou bendſt thy cares,
And thinkſt a ſhort life will long comfort giue.
Thou ſay'ſt, If I liue long, I ſhall be rich :
Liue I long, I muſt dye, ſh ould bee thy ſpeach.

247 *Death and life are neere Neighbours.*

One Natures skreene Death and life hang ſo neere,
As doth the muddy Earth to waters cleere :
Of lifes white Death, blacke Nature makes one robe,
Euen as the Earth and Water makes one Globe.

248 Moores *Eutopia, and* Mercurius *Brittanicus.*

Moore ſhew'd the beſt; the worſt world's ſhew'd by thee :
Thou ſhew'ſt what is ; and he ſhewes what ſhould be.

				C	
				H	
			F	A	
259.	*Vide*	H	A	R	*Epiſt.* 1.
	ad Cor.	O	I	I	*cap.* 13.
	verſ.	P	T	T	8,13.
		E	H	Y	

We haue three ladders to helpe vs to heau'n;
One hath foure ſteps, one fiue, and one hath ſeu'n :
Hope reacheth to the Moone, Faith to the Sunne;
But Charity doth reach vp to Gods Throne.

Addition.

Hope, as the Moone, is alwaies variable ;
Faith, as the Sunne, more conſtant, yet vnſtable :
When both theſe with the World ſhall be conſum'd,
Loue into endleſſe ioyes ſhall be aſſum'd.

249 *Of himſelfe.*

Some men doe ſay, I am a Poet no way :
They doe ſay true, becauſe the truth I ſay.

254 *The nullity of our Lawes.*

How many lawes are made, or rather none?
Not kept, or not made, we may count all one:
That former lawes be kept, if an Act were;
That would be kept as all the others are.

257 *Beſides women and children.*

In holy Bible it is ſomewhere read;
Women and children were not reckoned:
And by the Ciuill, and the Common Law,
Womens and childrens gifts are worth a ſtraw.
VVomen and children are exempt from warre;
VVomen and children long-ſide coates doe weare,
And on the chins neither of them haue haire.
VVomen and children ſhead teares with much eaſe;
Faire words and toyes, women and children pleaſe:
And laſt, of Loue and Dallyance we may ſay,
Venus a VVoman was; *Cupid* a Boy.

Addition.

A diſpariſon betweene theſe.

Children fondly blab truth, and fooles their brothers;
VVomen haue learn'd more wiſdome from their mothers.

258 *Of thoſe that make the Scripture a Noſe of Waxe.*

Doth holy Writ promiſe vs any good?
'Tis eaſily beleeu'd, and vnderſtood:
Doth it require ought, or reprooue our ſinne?
'Tis a hard ſpeech; wee haue no faith therein.

262 *The Harpe and Harrow of the Court. An enuious and a flattering knaue.*

Theſe agree not, though in one place they dwell;
Momus of none, *Gnatho* of all ſpeakes well.

263 *The foure efficient cauſes of man.*

What is mans forme? Onely a gariſh toy;
What is his matter? Frailty and annoy:
Though for this cauſe, we may theſe two neglect,
Making, and *finall cauſe* we muſt reſpect.

264 *Deaths*

64 *Deaths sweet and sowre.*

To those that haue their liues in much mirth spent;
Death's sadnes is to sad men, merriment.

Or thus.

To those that liue in sinne, Death is good night;
Good morrow 'tis to those that liue vpright.

266 *Death and life.*

One way we liue, Death many wayes is had:
All's for the best; Death is good, life is bad.

267 *An old decrepit man, A Builder.*

Old, and weake, thou build'st many a faire roome:
What build'st thou now? A house, or else a Tombe?

269 *An Enuious mans Charity.*

The dead thou spar'st, the liuing thou dost bite:
Yet rather then I'd dye, I'le beare thy spite.

273 *Great Brittaine vnited euerlastingly.*

As in beginning 'twas, is now agen;
Euer shall be, till this world ends. Amen.

FINIS.

An excellent Anagram on this excellent Poets name, with the verſes annexed, tranſlated.

Iohannes Audoenus.
Ad annos Noë vives.

ALthough that this cannot be ſaid of you:
Yet of your booke, this Anagram is true.
D.Du.Tr.Med.

This of thee, and thy booke, auerd may be;
Thou mak'ſt thy booke liue, and thy booke makes thee.
Iohn Roſſe.I.C.

D.Du.Med. his Latine Diſtick to the Readers, tranſlated.

Art thou a Clerke, or Lay-man? Reade thou theſe;
They will both profit you, and you both pleaſe.
One of mine owne, to the ſame purpoſe.

Art thou a merry man, or art thou ſad?
To ſute you both, fit ſtuffe may hence be had.

Praiſe-worthy verſes of Learned Miſtris Iane Owens *of Oxford, in praiſe of my* Iohn Owen, *tranſlated out of her Latine.*

It was, and is Poets quaint property,
To carpe at men, and womens vanity:
Yet this I iudge, Thy ſalt lines merit it;
Both men and women will commend thy wit.

To the ſame learned Woman, whoſe vertues I reuerence; I dedicate this Encomiaſtick.

I'd rather haue thy praiſes on my ſide,
Then any Womans I doe know beſide:
Thy wit and iudgement is more iuſt and able,
Then many miriads of the vnlearned rabble.

FINIS.

SEVERALL SENTENTIOVS EPIGRAMS, AND WITTY SAYINGS OVT of ſundry Authors both Ancient and Moderne:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AT HARBOR-Grace, in Briſtols-Hope, in Brittaniola,

Anciently called, *New-found-land*;

By R. Hayman.

LONDON,
Printed by *Felix Kyngſton* for *Roger Michell*,
and are to be ſold at the Buls-head in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1628.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A WEAKE APOLOGIE FOR MY WEAKENESSE in these following Translations.

WE think it no ſtrang thing; nor do we laugh,
To ſee an old, weake man walke with a ſtaffe:
That could with ſtrong legs runne a large fit,
Muſt now with ſhort turnes, yeld to others wit.

TRANSLATIONS OVT OF SEVERALL AVTHORS.

Beauties Excellencie.

VErtue to all complections giueth Grace:
But Vertue graced is by a good face.

Pulchrior eſt virtus veniens è corpore pulchro.

The Deuils hoſpitality.

Satan keepes open houſe; though ſorry cheere:
His blacke-wicket ſtands open all the yeere.

Patet atri ianua Ditis.

A Rule for periured lecherous Votaries.

If that againſt your Oathes you muſt needs doe:
To 't cloſely then that none may ſweare 'twas you.

Si non caſtè tamen cautè.

Cares Birth.

In yonger yeeres black melancholy Cares
Breeds with hard throwes, hoare, white, abortiue haires.

Cura facit canos, etiamſi neſcit annos.

A ſcuruy comfort.

It is a comfort, though a ſcuruy one,
To haue companions in affliction.

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Womens levity.

What's lighter then the wind? Thunder, you know.
What's lighter then that cracke? Lightning, I trow.
What's lighter then that flame? Why ſure a Woman.
What's lighter now then that? Nay that knowes no man.

Quid vento leuius? Fulmen.
Quid fulmine? Flamma.
Quid flamma? Mulier.
Quid Muliere? Nihil.

To anſwer him who wrought this in defence of theſe women who can well enough defend themſelues.

Good wiues, I thinke, the man that made this Ieſt,
Ne'r felt the weight of your words, nor your fiſt.

Dangerous Weapons.

There are not kild ſo many by the ſword,
As by the throat, by meate, drinke, and the cord.

Plures gulâ quàm gladio.

A merry Mate.

Comes facundus pro vehiculo eſt.

A merry Way-mate that can *tale* and *skoch*,
With a tyr'd horſe, is better then a *Coach*.

Patience prouoked.

Læſâ patientiâ fit furor.

If doubled wrongs inflame cold Patience blood:
Her mildneſſe will conuert to a mad mood.

Womens properties,

Fallere, flere, nere: hæc tria ſunt muliere.

To weepe oft, ſtill to flatter, ſometimes ſpin;
Are properties women excell men in.

To this women may anſwer.

We weepe for pittie, and we ſpeake men faire,
And of their houſhold thrift we haue great care:
Yet enuious men our credits would impaire.

Froward nature.

Nitimur in vetitum, ſemper cupimuſq; negata.

Deny a thing, fond men the more will craue it:
Deny a woman, and ſhee'l cry, or haue it.

In defence of theſe ſoft Creatures.

Alas, good Creatures, teares are all their Armes;
To beat backe griefe, and to reuenge their harmes.

Miſerable want.

Luxuriæ deſunt multa, auaritiæ omnia.

Luxurious men may want particulars:
But miſers all things want (except their cares.)

Impatible wrong.

Qui faciunt, odetunt iniuriam.

Thoſe that wrong other men beyond all meaſure,
Will take wrongs done to them in great diſpleaſure.

Law and Fortunes difference.

Legem nocens veretur, Fortuna innocens.

Wiſe Law corrects thoſe that commit offence:
Blind giddie Fortune plagueth innocence.

A miſerable Comforter.

Prodeſſe qui vult, nec poteſt, æquè eſt miſer.

He that can helpe his friend but with his breath;
Is in the caſe of him he comforteth.

A Rule for Trauellers.

Cum fueris Romæ, Romano viuito more.
Cum fueris alibi, viuito more loci.

Being at Rome, I hold it good diſcretion
In manners, and in clothes to vſe their faſhion:
And when that thou art any other-where,
'Tis fit to vſe the faſhion thou find'ſt there.

A Riddle.

My Mother got me, I beget my Mother:
Alternately thus we beget each other.

Mater me genuit, eadem mox gignitur ex me.

Womens Teares.

When women weepe in their diſſembling Art,
Their teares are ſawce to their malicious heart.

Muliebris lacrima condimentum malitiæ.

I anſwer for women.

He that wrote this, was ſure ſome ſawcie Iacke:
Againſt your Sex, malice he did not lacke.

Neceſſity.

Neceſſity hath no law, no, not any;
Yet ſhee the Mother is to a great many.

Neceſſitas dat legem, non ipſa accipit.

Doubly-guilty.

He that commits a ſhamefull hainous fact,
Is doubly-guilty, by that ſingle act.

In turpi re peccare, bis delinquere eſt.

Neceſſary Reſtitution.

Thy ſinnes, be ſure, will on thy backe remaine,
Till thy ill-got goods thou giue backe againe.

Non tollitur peccatum, niſi reſtituatur oblatum.

Ranke couetouſneſſe.

The ranke deſire of money growes alwayes,
Faſter then money's coyned now adayes.

Creſcit amor nummi, quantam ipſa pecunia creſcit.

Natures frailtie.

I ſee, and doe allow the better way:
Yet ſtill I know not how I goe aſtray.

Video meliora, prob q; deteriora ſequor.

Miſerable miſery of miſeries.

Three times vnhappy is that man at leaſt,
To whom milde Mercie 's an vnwelcome gueſt.

Quam miſer eſt, cui ingrata miſericordia eſt?

Innocencies Comfort.

For a good cauſe to dye, is honeſt ſhame:
Although a halter ſhould procure the ſame.

Eſt honeſta turpitudo pro bona cauſa mori.

Preachers principall properties.

That Preacher with a liuely voyce doth preach,
That with his life as well as voyce doth teach.

Viuâ voce docet, qui vitâ & voce docet.

How to end well.

He ſurely hath his buſineſſe halfe well done,
Who hath at firſt his buſ'neſſe well begun.

Dimidium facti, qui benè cœpit, habet.

On a pretty Virgins Virginall Poſie.

Muſica mentis, Medicina mœſtæ. Muſicke is a ſad minds Phyſicion,
If a faire maide be the Muſicion.

Blind Ignorance.

Ignoti nulla cupido. Blinder then *Cupid* is he in deſire,
In whom blind ignorance puts out the fire.

Womens Credit.

Mulieri ne credas ne mortuæ quidem. A woman is not to be credited:
If you will credit me, though ſhee be dead.

That women be not angry with me, nor my Author.

Mine Author makes a man ſpeake this in ſnuffe:
Himſelfe was wiſe, he knew you well enough.

Teares Vanity.

Gemitus dolores iudicat, non vindicat. Our outward Teares may ſhow our inward woes:
They are a poore reuenge againſt our foes.

Fortunes Flowers.

Dum fueris fœlix, multos numera bis amicos: Nullus ad amiſſas ibit amicus opes. Whil'ſt wealth doth laſt, great ſtore of friends thou haſt:
If thou it waſte; thou ſoone may'ſt tell the laſt.

Armour againſt luſt.

Otia ſi collas, peritre Cupidinis arcus. If thou from idle thoughts canſt guard thy heart:
Thou mak'ſt it Musket-proofe 'gainſt *Cupids* dart.

Anger.

Habet & Muſca ſplenem, & Formicæ ſua bilis ineſt. The ſting-taild ſmall Muſcheeto hath his ſpleene:
The buſie Ant ſometimes is angry ſeene.

A Builders Humor.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. He buildeth vp what he threw to the ground;
And changeth former foure-ſquares into round.

Truths and flatteries effects.

Obſequium amicos, veritas odium parit. Flattery gets Friends, and Truth gets Enemies:
Soft and proud fooles this Adage verifies.

Exemplified.

Flatter an eaſie foole, on you he'll doate:
Tell a proud foole his faults, hee'll cut your throat.

Refractory natures.

Optat Ephippia bos piger arare cuballus. Dull Oxen long for ſaddles and the dorſes;
Whil'ſt chaines and yoakes, deſires hot ſtomackt horſes.

Addi-

Addition.

Dull people need the ſpurres, more then the ſaddle;
Yet * yoaking may young hor-ſpurres better bridle. *Id eſt, marrying.*

Three wilde Coach-horſes.

Wine, *Venus*, Dice, fit Iades for ſuch a feat;
Draw men to Beggers-buſh without a baite. Ales, vina, Venus, tribus his ſum factus egenus.

From the frying pan into the fire.

From Vſhing coueting himſelfe to free,
On Sillaes Biſhop and his Clerks fell hee. Incidit in Syllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.

Womens extreme paſſions.

Women doe fondly loue, or foulely hate;
Their extreme paſſion hath no middle ſtate. Aut amat, aut odit Mulier, nihil eſt tertium.

To reforme this error in this man.

Why ſhouldeſt thou their goodneſſe thus decline?
Vertue is of the Gender Fœminine.

A Citizens Thrift.

O Citizens, learne firſt your bags to fill!
And then of honeſty goe learne the skill. O Ciues Ciues, quærenda pecunia primùm: Virtus poſt nummos——

Hels Highway.

There is an eaſie downe-deſcent to Hell:
Thoſe that goe there, doe know it too-too well. Facilis deſcenſus Auerni.

Coozening knaues.

To coozen coozeners, is no cooz'ning:
To coozen any, it's a knauiſh thing. Fallere fallentem non eſt Fraus: Fallere quenquam, non eſt Laus.

No penny, no Puter Noſter.

Homer, if thou nothing with thee doſt bring;
Thou mayſt without reward without doore ſing. Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

A wicked Vbiquitary.

The wicked doth his wickedneſſe declare
At all times, againſt all, and eu'ry where. Nequam nequitiam monſtrat vbique ſuam.

A wiſe choiſe.

Raile at me rather, till thou breake thy guts;
Then coldly praiſe me with thy Ifs and Buts. Mallem me vituperari quàm frigidè laudari.

Cuſtomes inconuenience.

What ſinnes thou vſeſt often to commit:
Will flow from thee, without ſence, feare, or wit. Conſuetudo peccandi tollit ſenſum peccati.

As for example.

Reprooue a ſwearer, who doth vſe to teare
Gods holy Name: hee'l ſweare, he did not ſweare,
Or for your loue, or that ſinne will not care.

Nothing new.

Nil eſt iam dictum quod non fuit dictum prius. Speake old words, or coine new words by the ſcore:
What-e're thou ſpeak'ſt, hath ſpoken been before.

A true inquiſition.

Nec me quęſiueris extra. Not of my out-ſide, nor of thoſe that dwell
With me, nor the report my neighbours tell:
Come to me, into me, to know me well.

Painters and Poets properties.

—Pictoribus atque Poëtis. Quodlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas. Painters and Poets haue like power and skill;
To adde, to foiſt, to feigne euen what they will.

Wicked Women.

Fœminium ſeruile genus, crudele, ſuperbum. Women are of the gender feminine;
Proud, cruell, ſeruile (in mine Authors time.)

Addition.

A Claw.

Although of women he could ſay ſo then;
Women may ſay ſo now of naughty men.

Perfect patience.

Optima ſpero, quęcunq; feram. What-euer comes, I alway hope the beſt:
And till that come, I mildly beare the reſt.

A good womans reward.

Fœmina nulla bona, ſed ſi bona, digna Corona. There is not one good woman to be found:
And if one were, ſhe merits to be crown'd.

In the behalfe of good women, who cannot ſpeake for themſelues.

Good women, he that blurr'd you with this blot,
Deſerues a crowning with your chamberpot:
With enuious eyes he ſought for you; or elſe
He might haue found you with my ſpectacles.

A Churles good.

Auarus niſi eum moriar, nihil recti facit. The couetous doth nothing as he ſhould,
Till lauiſh death doth ſpread abroad his gold.

Light of beliefe.

Let the wide-throated circumciſed Iew
Swallow it, and beleeue that it is true.

Credat Iudæus apella.

Addition.

The baptiz'd Papiſt, circumciſed Turke,
If for their Church aduantage it may worke;
One ſwallowes all, [a] the other all ſaue [b] Porke.

[a] Vid. *The Legend printed in* Hen 8. *time. I thinke the conformatie Preſſe both ſuppreſſed it.*

Whileſt Sigmaticall Francis *in the Legend dares eate a Capon on a Friday at ſupper; to worke a ridiculous miracle the next Sunday: yet to ſatisfie his canonicall hoſt, can vrge our bleſſed Sauiours words,* Mat. 15. 11. *I beleeue a Turke would not ſwallow a miracle in his owne behalfe, if it were done by Pigs-fleſh.*

Sweet Gaine.

The ſmell of gaine ſmels pleaſantly indeed,
Although from ſtinking parcels it proceed.

Lucri bonus eſt odor, ex re quâlibet.

Hunger breakes ſtone walls.

Of Gold the holy hunger, who can tell,
To what will it not mortall minds compell?

Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri ſacra fames?

Addition.

Gold maketh bad men to doe what good is:
Too often it makes good men doe amiſſe.

Complaints out of Spaniſh.

The old man weepes, for want of loue, being grieu'd:
His young wife weepes, 'cauſe he ſo long hath liu'd.

Addition.

Sad reuerence (he ſaith) ſhould affection moue:
Sir reuerence (ſhe ſayes) hath out-liu'd his loue.

Virgils Cloze.

Come on, my Boyes, ſtop vp the water-groofe,
The thirſtie Meddowes now haue drunk enough.

Cladite iam riuos pueri, ſat prata biberunt.

FINIS.

A rayling Epistle, written in French by that excellently witty Doctor, *Francis Rabalais*:

Wherein though I follow him not verbatim, yet whoso can compare them, shall find I haue done him no wrong.

THou toothlesse wither'd Hagge, defam'd, accurst;
Empty of Gods grace, by the Deuill nurst:
Thou that didd'st neuer deed of Charitie;
But art the patterne of all villanie:
Thou, in whose haireless braines ill thoughts do throng,
And tak'st chiefe ioy to heare a bawdie song:
Thou, that didd'st neuer drinke water with wine,
Senting each bed with lust, where thou hast line:
Thou that doost weep at eury drought thou drink'st;
But hast dry eyes, when on thy sinnes thou think'st:
Thou that ador'st no bed but *Priapus*:
Thou that didst ne'r, but for inticement blush:
Thou that hast piss'd away thy vnknowne shame:
Thou that hast entertain'd each one that came:
Thou martyrer of men, 'tis not the pose,
That causeth thee to speake thus through the nose.
Thou that art slow to Churchward as the louse;
But quick as lightning to a bawdy-house:
Thou with whose age hot lust doth not declyne,
Thou more insatiate then tyr'd *Messaline*.
Thou stinking, with'red, stale; thou past a whore;
Thou lust procurer, keeper of the doore:
Thou that dost tempt faire Maydens to their shame,
And for gaines sake, rob'st wiues of their faire name:
Thou damn'd damn'd Bawd, that do'st procure thy meales,
By tempting wenches to turne vp their——
Thou that did'st neuer take delight to worke;
Thou in whose bosome snarling quarrels lurke;

Thou

Thou that in angrie mood doſt neuer ſtay;
Worſe then *Megera* or *Teſiphonee*,
Vntill thine anger be with blood appeas'd;
Like a Shee-wolfe, that her mild prey hath feaz'd,
Lyons, and Beares, and Griffins gentle bee,
And free from rage, being compar'd with thee.
In thee, mercy is pent; but rage hath ſcope:
Thou fitter for the fire, then for the rope.
Thou witch that doſt delight foule Toads to foſter;
And alway ſay'ſt the Diuels *Pater Noſter*.
Thou that excell'ſt *Medea* in vile charmes:
Thou that kill'ſt children in their Mothers armes;
Thou that from Heau'n canſt call the crooked Moone,
And make the Sunne darke at the brighteſt noone.
For theſe good parts, a ſecret marke vnknowne,
Satan hath mark't thee with, to be his owne:
And he to thinke on thee, for ioy doth ſwell,
Hoping ere long to fry thy bones in Hell.
Thou ſoone wilt kill his ioy with future ſorrow,
When he ſhall know the Pox hath eate thy marrow.
Thou whore, thou witch, thou bawd, cruſted in euill,
Thou that mayſt be Schoolemiſtres to the Deuill,
Thou that with ſtinking breath ſpeak'ſt ill of many,
Wert neuer heard ſpeake good words of any:
And though thy toothleſſe gummes can doe no wrong,
Thoſe ſlanders bite, that flow from thy lewd tongue.
Thou Hag, from whoſe blaſpheming wide mouth goes
Worſe then ranke poyſon to a faſting noſe:
Thy dugs by thine owne baſtard brats defil'd,
Are yet thought fit to nurſe the Deuils child:
Thy head hangs downe through thy ſinnes weightines,
Thy body doubles with thy wickednes:
Thou Treuet, hadſt thou but one mite of grace,
Thou wouldſt forethinke thy miſerable caſe.
What hope haſt thou, continuing as thou do'ſt,
To ſcape hell fire? Hope not: to Hell thou muſt.
Thy ſoule as wiſe, I doe repute her for it;

(Although her pureneſſe did at firſt abhorre it)
Keepes ſtill her loathſome Cabinet; foreſeeing,
If ſhe leaue this, her worſer place of being,
She needs among the damned ſoules muſt throng:
And that's the reaſon that thou liu'ſt ſo long.
What haſt thou good in thee, but onely this,
That thy loath'd outſide a true patterne is
Of thy vile liuing? Sinne, and want of grace,
Are ditched in the wrinkles of thy face:
Thou bunch-back-bug-beare-fac'd, ſplay-foot, Cat-hand;
Thou rough-bark'd-ſtinking Elder, worſe then damn'd;
Thou, about whoſe ſcurfe-head the Deuils flutter;
Thou viler vild, then I haue words to vtter:
Amend thy lewd life; or I ſweare to thee,
For one ill-fauour'd word, I'le giue thee three.

120 *Another Epiſtle of the ſame witty Author, Francis Rabelais, in praiſe of a graue Matrone; tranſlated as the former.*

THou reuerend Matrone, whoſe ſweet grace & forme,
Would a young, faire, ſweet, hanſome face adorne;
Thy modeſt carrying, and thy reuerend wit,
Shewes that Gods grace within thy heart doth ſit:
Thou in whoſe hands are alway found good books;
But on loue-toyes thy chaſte eyes neuer looks:
Thou that haſt in thy braines imprinted deepe
Chriſt Ieſus, who from thence ill thoughts doth keepe:
In thy milde ſoule rich vertue hath her ſtore;
As God giues wealth to thee, thou giu'ſt the poore.
Thy heart is alway open to relieue,
And comfort thoſe whom miſeries doe grieue:
And with thine owne white hands doſt not diſdaine
To plaiſter thoſe poore folkes, whom ſores doe paine.
The hungry thou do'ſt feed with thine owne meate;
The naked, cold, with thine owne cloathes do'ſt heate;

Thy

Thy poore ſick neighbours thou doſt kindly viſit;
Thou giu'ſt them counſell, mak'ſt them kitchin phyſick:
Thou free'ſt poore priſ'ners with thine owne eſtate:
The fatherleſſe thou do'ſt compaſſionate,
And do'ſt ſo many godly deeds withall,
That Ieſus Chriſt may thee his Siſter call.
From fooliſh vanities thou turn'ſt thine eyes,
And ſhutt'ſt thy eares againſt malicious lyes.
Although foule ſluttiſh ſmells thou do'ſt abhorre;
Perfumers get nothing by thee therefore.
Thy table 's furniſh'd with cleane, wholſome fare;
But for luxurious cates thou do'ſt not care:
And when thou drink'ſt, it is pure vnmixt wine;
Not thoſe hot drinks that vnto luſt incline.
Thy heart did neuer feele th'vnlawfull flame,
Which hath drawne looſer wiues to publique ſhame:
Thou neuer lay'ſt on any am'rous bed;
But where thy husband had thy mayden-head;
And onely there for procreation,
And for thy Husbands recreation:
Thou art ſo zealous, godly, mercifull,
And with ſuch heauenly, goodly graces full;
That we may ſtile thee, The rich Chriſtian Palace,
Wherein the Holy Ghoſt doth take his ſolace.
Thy outward graces haue ſuch Excellence,
That all ſalute thee with graue reuerence:
Thy head is fraught with holy meditations;
Thy heart is fill'd with heau'nly conſolations;
Thy eares are open to the poores ſad cryes,
And from them thou doſt neuer turne thine eyes:
Thy hands are open to each godly deed,
And feet are ſwift, when of thy helpe there's need.
Thou art ſo faire, ſo vertuous, and ſo good;
Thou ſeem'ſt an Angell clad in fleſh, and blood.
Thou art ſo hanſome, proper, neat, and faire,
As if but yet thou a young maiden were:
(Sweet-heart beleeue) all honeſt men with me,

Are truly, heartily in loue with thee.
Thou often hast the Bible in thy hand,
And humbly pray'st, thou mayst it vnderstand;
And what with sober knowledge thou do'st reade,
Thou putt'st in practice, or into thy Creede.
Thou peereleſſe Paragon! thou past compare!
Such as thou art, I wish all women were.
Thou Extract of good women now adayes;
Thy worthines so farre exceeds my praise;
To write it, I doe want an Angels quill,
And I as much doe need an Angels skill.
If thou beest liuing, mayst thou neuer dye,
I humbly pray the blessed Trinity:
And that thou mayst in honour, health, and rest,
Liue in this World, and in the next be blest.

FINIS.